

Two N/K poems

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Summary: Some Nathan and Kristin romantic angst, in the form of two poems.

Two N/K poems

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These characters aren't mine and I'm not making any profit, so don't sue me.

Sea-Love

>As told by Nathan Bridger:

How can I tell what rests so heavy on my heart?

>The truth that I know well, and she does not?

>The truth is, I love her.

>But there is no way to tell her.

>We are friends, yes,

>True friends.

>And she is happy with that.

>She trusts not any man

>To come near her heart.

>She's been hurt too many times before,

>For that.

>But I am not happy with how things lie;

>How can I be?

>When she holds my heart in her hand

>And knows not that it is my heart she holds.

>She buried herself in her work

>Learning the mysteries of the sea

>Just as I did.

>Just as I once did

>When the pain was too great to bear;
>When all that mattered in my life,
>All that I ever loved
>Seemed gone.
>How can I tell her the truth,
>That she taught me?
>That all love is not gone from the world
>So long as we look for it?
> And even that it sometimes comes unbidden.
>As it did to me.
>What I write now is meant for her;
>What message she takes from it is her own affair.

>But what it holds is the truth
>That I know no other way to tell.
>And I hope that one day this she will see.
>If I ever have the courage to show it to her.

>If I ever have the courage to tell her.
>What is true is often the hardest to speak.

Missed Chances

>The setting for this poem is about a year after the second
season finale.
>As told by Kristin Westphalen

How can I say what is in my heart
>When there is no one to say it to?
>When he who should have heard this
>Is gone from my life.
>I never told him what he did
>I never showed him the light
>That he brought back
>Into my life.
>All too often I have viewed
>Seen the dark side
>Where kindness, love and light
>Are alien things
>He taught me to love
>From the ashes
>Of the life that I came from
>From the abuse my husband lavished on me
>He taught me that all men were not bad
>He showed me that men could love
>He was my friend.
>He did not know
>He could never have known
>That I loved him
>That I dreamed of his touch at night
>That I fantasized of him
>No! He could not have known
>That I wished to hear his tenor voice
>Rumbling sweet nothings in my ear
>Oh, how I wished to have him
>By my side
>Become father to my only child
>Still living
>He's laid his own to rest
>He has seen too many graves
>Dug into the fetid black soil

>Of the cemeteries-
>He knows the pain I feel
>Gazing on those tiny graves.
>And I loved him.
>I never revealed it to him
>I valued his friendship far too much
>To ever risk driving him away.
>We had spoken often
>Since the day we parted ways;
>We were still friends.
>Often did we speak.
>Many were the times
>I could have told him
>Never did I say
>What in my heart I felt
>Never did I mention
>What my heart knew was true
>My heart knew-even if
>Even if my tongue did not
>We were soulmates
>Cast from the same mold,
>Same spirit.
>Both of us,
>We loved the sea
>Its midnight deeps
>The rainbowed reefs
>And there we worked
>And there I loved once more.
>Now it is too late.
>He was swallowed
>By the very sea he loved!
>Is he dead-I know not-
>I do know this
>He will never know that I loved him,
>And the time together we might have had
>Will never be
>In the night, in the roar of the waves
>I can hear his tenor laugh
>In the moonlight
>I can see the silver glint of his hair
>In the eternal ocean
>I see the indigo hue
>That once painted his eyes
>I still can feel him
>In some little way
>On the beach where his feet
>So often trod
>On the isle where he lived
>In quiet peace.
>But he will never walk by my side
>On the moonlit beach
>Again-for
>He is gone-
>Forever!
>And now it is too late.
> <p>

End
file.